

MODERN COMICS

JULY
No. 75

10¢



Blackhawk

battles

The **BLAST
BANDITS!**



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BLACKHAWK



By water, land or air....
The Blackhawk
CONVERGE ON CRIME!
 At any moment...and from
 any position...they may
 strike! And where once
 they strike, a second
 blow is never needed!

By the sea stands COLOMBA, resort of the rich... no sound stirs the night, save music and laughter, until...







WE HEARD MR. REYNARD'S BROADCAST AND HURRIED HERE AT ONCE! YOU REMEMBER MY FRIEND ANDRE, OF COURSE!

JE SUIS ENCHANTE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MESSIEUR LE PREFET!

THESE OTHERS ARE VENDORICKSON-- OLAF-- CHUCK-- STANISLAUS-- AND HERE, UNDER MY HAND, CHOP CHOP!

I WISH I COULD TELL YOU WHERE TO BEGIN! WITH MR. REYNARD UNCONSCIOUS, WE HAVE NO REAL LEAD!



MR. REYNARD THOUGHT THE BANDIT HEADQUARTERS WERE IN OUR FOREIGN SECTION!

MY FRIENDS ARE FOREIGNERS HERE-- THEY WON'T BE OUT OF PLACE IN THAT QUARTER! GO LOOK AROUND, MEN!

MEANWHILE, TELL ME-- WHAT KIND OF EXPLOSIVE DID SUCH DAMAGE?

THAT'S THE FRIGHTENING PART! WE CAN FIND NO TRACE OF ANY KNOWN EXPLOSIVE-- AND WE'VE NO IDEA HOW IT COULD HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN TWO CLOSELY GUARDED BANKS!



WE HAVE THE BEST OF CRIME LABORATORIES, THE BEST OF TECHNICIANS-- YET--

HMM-- I SEE, A LITTLE-- SUPPOSE CHOP CHOP AND I STOP OFF IN HERE FOR A MOMENT OR SO--

IS PLENTY CRAZY, BLACKHAWK! IF CHOP CHOP HAD SUCH IDEA FROM ANYBODY ELSE, CHOP CHOP SAY HEAP FOOLEE!

AND CHOP CHOP MIGHT BE RIGHT! BUT I BELIEVE IN ALL POSSIBLE PROTECTION!







MR. REYNARD? ARE YOU UP? YOU HAVE A VISITOR—
BLACKHAWK!

BLACKHAWK!
YES! I KNOW
—THE NAME!



I'M CONFUSED—DON'T REMEMBER CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENED—BUT I DO KNOW I'M NEEDED.
BLACKHAWK! BRING ME MY CLOTHES, NURSE!

BETTER LET A DOCTOR CHECK YOU, MR. REYNARD!



HE SEEMS TO BE ALL RIGHT, AGAIN? MYSTERIOUS AILMENT—AS MYSTERIOUS AS THE REST OF THIS CRIME WAVE! BUT CONGRATULATIONS ON THROWING IT OFF, SIR!

GIVE HIM HIS THINGS, NURSE! I'LL TAKE HIM WITH ME, AFTER I CALL THE PREFECT!



I UNDERSTAND, **BLACKHAWK!** I'LL JOIN YOU IN TWO MINUTES!



AS YOU SEE, **BLACKHAWK!** I ACTUALLY KNEW SOMETHING! THE POLICE WERE, AS USUAL, INCOMPETENT, FINGERED—

I PROTEST, SIR! WE HAD TO BE SURE, THAT'S ALL!



THEN BE SURE OF THIS—WITH THE **BLACKHAWKS** ON HAND, YOU AREN'T NEEDED! YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE TO WORK WITH ME—NOW I SHALL WORK WITH THEM! GOOD DAY!

LET HIM ALONG FOR A WHILE! I'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS, AND CONSIDER WITH YOU







POWEEET!









BLACKHAWK!
WE HAVE CAPTURED
DE OZZERS! DE PRE-
FECT OF POLICE HAS
ZEM IN IRONS! WHAT
HAPPENED TO M'SIEU
REYNARD?



AVEC
PLAISIR!



YES—I HAD ALWAYS
HOPED TO DO IT MORE
COMFORTABLY AND
FASHIONABLY THAN
THIS!



HE'S
DEAD!



IT'S JUST AS WELL FOR
THE WORLD AT LARGE!
WELL, OUR JOB'S DONE!
LET'S GET BACK TO
OUR PLANES!

Back to Blackhawk Island
fly the adventurers....

The foe who thinks he's wise,
Soon blunders, falls and dies—
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



DOGTAG



THAT'S THE THIRD THREATENING
LETTER IN THREE DAYS.
DOGTAG, I'M GOING TO
ADVERTISE FOR A
BODYGUARD!

YES,
SIR!

ALSO I WANT TO TAKE
A COURSE IN SELF-
DEFENSE, BUT I
DON'T HAVE THE
TIME! SO YOU
TAKE IT FOR
ME!

BUT, BOSS, I DON'T
KNOW ONE END OF
A DUMBBELL FROM
THE OTHER!













TORCHY



OUCH!

BERT, YOU SHOULD HELP ME WITH THIS PINNING!

WOW! THAT ONE I'LL BE GLAD TO PIN!



WE'RE'S STORE WILL PROVIDE A SPECIALLY DESIGNED WARDROBE FOR ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE!

KNAM!

WE WERE WILL SELECT THE WINNER AND MR. MELLOROFF WILL DESIGN THE CLOTHES!

I'LL GET A JOB AT WERE'S. WHERE A JOB MEANS A FUTURE!



AND CLOTHES DESIGNED BY
MEZZOROFF WILL GIVE ME
JUST THE LIFT I NEED!



GOLLY,
I'LL HAVE
TO HURRY!



I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
DEPARTMENT STORE
WORK, BUT—

BUT— BUT
NOTHING!
YOU'RE
HIRED!



MR. MEZZOROFF
SAID HE NEEDED
MORE HELP IN
HIS DEPARTMENT!

GOOD! I
CAN MODEL
THE
CLOTHES
I'LL WIN
IN THE
CONTEST!



MORE
HELP FOR
YOUR
DEPARTMENT,
MR. MEZZOROFF!

TUT, TUT! IT'S
ABOUT TIME!
I'M JUST SO
OVER-
WORKED
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO!



YOU'RE HARDLY
THE TYPE FOR
THE JOB, MISS—
MISS—

MISS TORCHY
TODD! I
REALLY WANT
TO WORK AT
HISB'S TO—









HO, HUM! YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!

HEHEHE... MUST BE ALMOST TIME TO GO...



GOSH! EVERYBODY'S GONE!

WELL, ANYWAY, THIS GIVES ME THE CHANCE TO TRY ON MEZZUOFF'S DRESSES! THE ONLY CHANCE I'LL EVER HAVE!



I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR NEW DESIGNS NOW, MEZZUOFF!

BUT MR. WEBB! YOU'LL HAVE TO DECIDE ON THE WINNER TOMORROW—AND I WANT YOU TO SEE THE GOWN FIRST!



I'M CONVINCED WE HAVEN'T GOT A BEAUTIFUL EMPLOYEE—CERTAINLY NOT THE SOUR-FACED GAL YOU WANT TO WIN!

BUT MR. WEBB! AREN'T THE FLOORS









WELL, YOU NEVER
TOLD ME YOU WERE
INTERESTED IN
THE THEATER!

MODESTY, BFFY!
JUST MODESTY! I
REMEMBER THE
TIME I WAS UNDER-
STUDY TO EDWIN
BOOTH!



ONE NIGHT, BOOTH WAS ILL! I
TOOK HIS PLACE! FROM THAT
PERFORMANCE ON, BOOTH
WAS THE FORGOTTEN
MAX! MY NAME
WAS IN
LIGHTS!

GOLLY!



WHEN THERE WAS ANOTHER
ONE I PLAYED HAMLET
OPPOSITE SARAH BERNHARDT!
SARAH WASN'T A BAD ACTRESS,
BUT I COULDN'T HELP
WALKING OFF WITH
EVERY SCENE!

BOOTH!
BERNHARDT!
BALONEY!



YOU'RE AN OLD FRAUD, WILL BRAGG,
BUT NOT OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE
KNOWN EDWIN BOOTH! AS FOR
BERNHARDT... THEY TELL
ME SHE DIDN'T KNOW
ANYBODY FROM THE
WRONG SIDE OF
THE TRACKS!



THAT LUMP
OF LARD
AN ACTOR?
WHAT A
LAUGH!

MRS. MARSHALL,
I THINK YOU'RE
VERY UNFAIR TO
BE SO SKEPTICAL!
WILL SEEMS TO BE
THE PERFECT TYPE
FOR A THESPIAN!



YOU MAY BE
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT, BUT I'LL
BET HE WAS
NEVER AN
ACTOR!

MARUMPY!



NO SENSE
ARGUING WITH
HER, BFFY! PEASANTS
DON'T UNDERSTAND
THE FINER THINGS
IN LIFE!

BUT I BELIEVE
IF YOU
WILL!

The Night of the Performance







Meanwhile—

WHAT? YOU SAY
THE SHOW IS GOING
ON ANYWAY? WELL
BE RIGHT DOWN!



COME ON, BOYS! THAT WAS SPIKE ON
THE PHONE! I SHORE I WAS GOING
TO RUN THE COSTUME
AND SCENERY BUSINESS
MY WAY IN THIS
TOWN! WE'VE GOT
TO PROVE WE
MEAN IT!

I DON'T
SUPPOSE I
COULD PERSUADE
YOU GENTLEMEN
TO TAKE MY FEET
OUT OF THIS
CEMENT!



YES—

AL—A LITTLE
ACTION! I WON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT
WHAT TO
SAY!

SO YOU'RE THE NEW
MYSS GUY? WE'RE
GOING TO LET YOU
HAVE IT FOR STARTING
THE SHOW IN
SPITE OF US!



YENP! HE MEANS
IT! OW/W—
MY CORRET'S—



BUSTING!



THEM! THEY'RE
WHEN? I KNOW
PLAY, AND
DON'T
ON IN
IT!

WILL—IT WAS
YOU WHO CONQUERED
THEM!

WH—
WHAT?

BUT HOW
DID YOU
EVER
DO IT,
WILL?

NOTHING TO IT, GULLY! ONE
OF THE MANY BENEFITS OF
EXERCISING THE STOMACH
MUSCLES REGULARLY! YOU
NEVER KNOW
WHEN SOMETHING
WILL POP!





EZRA

—NOW FOR THE
SIXTY-FOUR
MILLION
DOLLAR QUESTION!

QUIZ
SHOW

GO
AHEAD!
ASK ME!

BOOK
OF
WISDOM

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

\$64
PRIZE

BOY! WAIT! MYRNA HEARS
ABOUT THAT NEW SWINGSETTE
COMING TO THE SAVOY TONIGHT!
SHE'LL REALLY GET
SENT!

OPERATOR!
TIZZE THOSE WIRES
AND DIS ME MAJOR
G28 F!



HMM! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? I ALL I GOTTA DO IS STUMP THIS PASTA FAZOO CHARACTER, AND WIN THE BOOK OF WISDOM!

WHILE ENJOYING THE BEST

BEFORE YOU ASK ME THE QUESTIONS, I MUST FIRST EXPLAIN THE AMAZING PHENOMENON WHICH TAKES PLACE IN MY HEAD! I AM A GENIUS! THE MIND OF A GENIUS WORKS LIKE A COMPLEX MACHINE!

SOON AS YOU ASK THE QUESTION, LITTLE WHEELS, Gears, COGS, GEARSTONS AND SPEEDINGS FUNCTION BESIDE MY MIND! OUT COMES THE ANSWER!

OKAY, MULTIPLY THE SUM OF 850 AND 250 BY TWICE THEIR DIFFERENCE

BUZZZZZZ
40,000

THE ANSWER IS 1,320,000!

HE'S RIGHT! AND I SPENT TWO WEEKS AND FOUR HOURS FIGURING IT OUT!

MULTIPLY 150 DAYS BY THREE DAYS, ADD SIX DAYS-AND WHAT DO YOU GET?

DOCK SOUP! THE ANSWER IS LEAP YEAR.

THE GUY'S SENSATIONAL! A GENIUS!

NOT ONLY THAT, HE'S SMART!



GOSH! I GUESS
WIN! THE PROBLEM
TOO TOUGH FOR
HIM!

BLUBBLE-UB! MY MIND IS A
WRACK! MY MACHINERY WAS
GEARED FOR PROBLEMS OF
NUCLEAR PHYSICS...GEOMETRY
...CALCULUS... BUT
NOT THEES!



THE BOOK OF WISDOM!
GOSH! I CAN FEEL NEW
STRENGTH SURGING
THROUGH ME LIKE A
BROKEN DAM!



WORKS!
EZZA, YOU
AY HAVE NO
DISE, BUT YOU'RE
OMNA HAVE LOTS
F GIRLS!

GEE, I WONDER
WHAT BIT HIM?
HE'S WEAVING
DOWN THE
STREET LIKE
A SCARED
ANT!

HEY,
EZZA!



YOU'D BETTER
TRUCK DOWN
TO THE SUGAR
BOWL AND DIG
YOUR DUCKS
FOR THE
SHINDIG
TONIGHT!

SHINDIG?
WHAT AN
UTTERLY
REPULSIVE
MANIFESTATION
OF GUTTER
VERNAKULAR!
YOR!



GULP! I BETTER FIND A
SOFT SPOT TO LAY DOWN
ON! THE SHOCK'S TOO
SEVERE FOR ME!



MUST PERSEVERE! NOTHING
MUST DETER OR DETRACT ME
FROM MY ULTIMATE PURPOSE
AND THIS BOOK!

THERE'S A LOCAL
LAD, GIRLS!
MAYBE HE CAN
TAKE US TO THE
COUNTRY
CLUB!

MMH!
AND A
HANDSOME
TOO!



PARDON ME, BUT I WONDER
IF YOU COULD DIRECT US TO
THE COUNTRY CLUB, OR
MAYBE HOP IN AND SHOW
US THE WAY!

SORRY! I
HAVE NO TIME
FOR PRO-
CRASTINATION!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
INQUIRE OF THE
CONSTABULARY
FOR DIRECTIONS!







Satan's Brood

MODERN COMICS

THE flight of small, speedy planes lifted out of the great crater like a locust swarm of deadly red insects. For they were painted bright red—to create fear and terror.

The man in the lead plane, a stoop-faced, evil-eyed rascal, cast a glance over the infernal terrain and mentally absolved the Hunbys of all of what he and snow and banister-wailing winds.

The North Pole!

Prince Vulkan—that's what the leader called himself—grinned maliciously. In the past year he had discovered the Polar Pit he had done all right. He and his catamorphosed followers had terrorized half the world and shaken it down for millions of dollars.

Prince Vulkan leaned back in the cockpit and flipped the radio on.

"Proceed to Siberia and await orders," he said, and closed the circuit.

Yes, he had done all right. Funny, how he had crumpled upon the vast Polar Pit. He had been flying for a transport company then. His plane had come down (logged oil line) right smack against the ice barriers of the Polar gap. What's more, he had landed within a hundred feet of an enormous crater.

Exploring, he had discovered that the crater seemed bottomless, and a warm air rushed up from it.

It had been a simple matter to fix the oil line and take off. Prince Vulkan (his name had been less sensational once) headed into the crater. It was more than a mile across. Down—down he had flown. And at last his plane had shot out into a vast cavern, so vast that its farthest sides were lost to view, as was its ceiling.

Here then was the core of the earth he had heard so much about—mostly from fiction writers. Here was another world in the very middle of the globe!

Prince Vulkan got the idea even then. Here was a hideaway that could never be found. Tainted with a definite criminal streak, he had thereupon formulated a plan—a monstrous, incredible plan.

And now . . . Prince Vulkan glanced back to see his flight of a hundred little flaming red planes winging steadily in his wake. Yes, it had taken only a short time to round up a force of men, evil beyond belief, to train them, to send them forth on the most terrible raid the world had ever seen.

Blackhawk and his six loyal assistants were flying high over the southern tip of Siberia when Chock, at the controls, called out, "Blackhawk! Am I crazy, or is that a molten lake?"

Blackhawk peered below. He could see a swirling mass of what looked like brimstone. It extended for several miles.

"Go down lower," he ordered.

Andre, the French member of the crew, who acted as navigator, did some fast checking. "Est-je dingue, mon ami?" he said, "but where that fire is, once stood a Siberian city."

Blackhawk nodded. "I was afraid of that. I think we have something here—some of that devil's work, Prince Vulkan!"

"Himmel!" gasped Hendrickson, the big Dutchman. "Dot is a glow-burning gas, ja! I haf yoozt taken a reading."

The Scandinavian, Olaf, was making a search of chemical reports. "But a gas, Hendrickson! How? Gas has burns quickly by yupiter, and she's out!"

Hendrickson snorted. "Bah, not dot gas, Olaf. You remember, Prince Vulkan invented a new one—ja, a gas that burns like molten metal!"

Blackhawk said, "We must land, see what the Seed has done. There may be survivors."

The big plane came down and the seven men piled out. They were several hundred yards from the edge of the molten mass, but still the heat was so intense it burned their faces.

Stanislav, who hailed from some unknown Balkan country, edged a little closer, holding a hand over his eyes. He carried a strange looking instrument.

"Come back, Stan!" called Blackhawk. "You know we've tried numerous times to get a sample of that stuff; heat is too great."

"But," cried Stanislav, "when it cools there is nothing—nothing to sample!"

Blackhawk nodded. "I know, but we've got to end this wave of murder in some other manner. If we could only find out where those devils make their headquarters!"

The Russian authorities were arriving in fast planes. They surrounded the scene of the devastation. One of them said to Blackhawk, "It's like the other two times—nothing left, no clues. All lives lost, and everything consumed in that ghastly inferno!"

Another said, "I wonder what Prince Vulkan's lost was this time! Nevared was a city

of eighty thousand people. Wealthy, too. Yes, he must have collected heavily here."

"But how does he accomplish the tasking if he burns the place first?" demanded Chuck. "I don't get it."

The Russian official shook his head. "Ah, he is clever, that one. He first rings the area with his infrared fire, then orders everybody into the square. They are told to bring out all their money, jewels, the contents of banks and vaults. He tells them that he will spare their lives if they work fast." The Russian smiled sardonically.

"But he moves 'em down instead," said Chuck. "after he takes in the treasure!"

Chop Chop, the little Chinese member of the Blackhawk crew, came running up with a tray of refreshing drinks. He caught the last of Chuck's statement.

"Prince Vulkan dirty lot!" Then he lapsed into a string of Oriental expletives to stage Vulkan's feet.

It was good for a laugh, even in the midst of such horror and death. But Blackhawk's face was serious. He made a mental vow that instant.

"Colonel Rokoff," he said to the Russian in command. "I've been on the trail of this monster for some time. So far I've not found a clue. But from this moment on, I declare eternal war on him!"

Rokoff looked solemn. "We've never caught a glimpse of him, Blackhawk. We've seen some of his planes, even tried catching them in our fastest pursuit ships. He burned them out of the sky!"

"You mean," said Blackhawk, "that he uses this molten stuff in flight?"

"But yes! A score of our ships have gone down a mass of flames."

"Hm," said Blackhawk. Here was something he would have to prepare for. "We'll find a way to trap him, never fear," he said to the Russian.

"The world then will owe you a great debt," Rokoff said.

They were in flight again, winging south and east. Blackhawk said to Chuck, "They must hide out somewhere up here on the roof of the world. But where?"

"Maybe they live with the Eskimos," grinned Chuck.

Blackhawk whirled. "Chuck! That reminds me of an old legend of the Eskimos—the one about the pit of the demons! I've always found that most legends have some basis in fact. . . . There may be an old crater up here somewhere that science knows nothing about."

They searched the Polar wastes for weeks, and then their instruments told them they were flying above a great hole. Soon they could see

it—a black dot in the white expanse. They came down hurriedly.

A hasty reconnoitering showed beyond doubt that here was the spot they were looking for. "It has to be it," said Blackhawk. "And here's what we must do." He gave a series of orders, then took off to the light. Feet plunk they landed in the larger ship.

Blackhawk leaped into the hole, using rocket power. Soon he was flying around in the enormous cave at the middle of the earth. It was a world indeed.

He landed, left the ship. Here were the barracks of the outlaw gang; they required no shackles or cabins since they were completely shut in. And then Blackhawk heard a loud hissing from nearby. He found a small iron building with its door open. Inside there was a laboratory—racks of glass reverts filled with a greenish gas.

"Ah!" said Blackhawk. "Here is their supply of molten gas! And—yes, here is the well, or mine, from which it comes—right here in the middle of the earth!"

The gas hissed from a crevice, crystallizing in drops like ice on the walls of the iron shack. It was a simple matter of bottling the stuff. Prince Vulkan must have discovered its terrible energy long before. That it was terribly inflammable Blackhawk knew. And then he got a great idea.

"There must be a radio around here somewhere," he said to himself. "Yes, there it is—a mighty powerful set, too."

In a moment Blackhawk was seated at the radio, sending out a message to the raiders. They had broken Prince Vulkan's code only a few days before, after picking up numerous code messages. Now it was a simple matter to broadcast a summons to return at once to headquarters.

Furnished with the message, Blackhawk took a small detonator bomb from his pocket, set it in the iron shack and hurried back to his plane.

Together again, Blackhawk and his men took their big ship up a few hundred feet, flew over a hillock of ice and came down again. Now they were invisible from the returning raiders. Would they return?

A distant rumble, then loud roaring. And the devil's light bore into sight, leading for the crater. They had almost reached it when a ferocious tongue of flame rushed out a thousand yards, a pillar of such awful intensity that the snow for a mile around was turned into green water.

The raiders came down a half mile from the crater and poured from their ships. It made it just right for Blackhawk and his men to get the drop on them. Caught unaware and without weapons, it was easy. The world was safe again, thanks to the Blackhawks.

CHOO CHOO

...AND THEN THE CASTING DIRECTOR SAID I WAS THE PRETTIEST GIRL ON THE LOT! OF COURSE, HE'D SAY SO EVEN IF HE DIDN'T THINK SO!

AND YOU'D THINK SO, EVEN IF HE DIDN'T SAY SO!



IT'S WONDERFUL, CHOO CHOO! IF YOU CAN GET EVEN A BIT PART IN THAT NEW PIC, "LURE OF THE WILDERNESS," IT WOULD BE GREAT!

I'M GONNA TRY VERY HARD, CHERRY!



G-GOSH, I CAME TOO LATE! THERE WON'T BE A SINGLE PART LEFT AFTER THIS MOB GETS THROUGH!

WELL, STICK IT OUT, KID! IT MAY BE WORTH IT!







LET'S SEE HIM GET OUT OF THIS ONE. HEH-HEH! HE'LL STEP IN THE LOOP, RELEASE THE SAPLING AND...ZZINGO!--HE'S THROUGH!

SHAW! FINE TECHNIQUE! THAT LAD! PUTS HIS HEART AND SOUL INTO IT!

MY MISSION IN LIFE WILL BE COMPLETED IF THIS WORKS!

BON VOYAGE, MY FRIEND! WELL DONE... WELL DONE!

YEEHOOOOW

AHA! HE JUST LANDED! NOW IN THE NEXT SCENE, THE VILLAIN ATTEMPTS TO TRAP ME IN A TREE!

B-BUT, WE DROOL SHOULDN'T WE CHECK THE SCRIPTS?

WE'LL CHECK LATER, MY DEAR! NOW, WHEN HE GETS HERE, JUST TELL HIM I CLIMBED THAT TREE THERE! I DON'T WANT HIM LOOKING UP THE WRONG TREE FOR ME!

Y-YESSIR!

QUICK! DID YOU SEE A MAN WITH A BEARD AROUND HERE?

YES! HE TOLD ME TO TELL YOU HE WENT UP THIS TREE!

VICTORY IS MINE! THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE FROM FATE THIS TIME!

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE FOLLOWING THE SCRIPT, SIR, BUT YOUR LINES SOUND VERY CONVINCING!





EEEEK! SOMETHING'S WRONG!
THIS SCRIPT DOESN'T CALL
FOR A SINGLE ACTION OR
LINE YOU GUYS HAVE BEEN
GOING THROUGH! YOU'RE
FAKES!

NOT AT ALL! YOU'RE
SIMPLY MIXED UP!
THAT GUY ISN'T
DAMON DROOL, THIS
IS NO ACT, AND
YOU'RE ALL WET!



THAT GUY HAPPENS TO BE AN
ESCAPED LUNATIC, AND I'VE BEEN
ASSIGNED TO CATCH HIM! NOW I
SHALL GO TO THE RIVER AND SORT
THE LOG JAM FOR HIM!

OH, NO!
NOOOO-O-O-O!



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, YOUNG LADY?
MR. DROOL HAS BEEN WAITING ALL DAY
FOR THAT SCRIPT!
YOU'RE FIRED!

OH, YEAH?



IT'S UNCANNY! I DIDN'T EVEN
SEE ANOTHER CAR COMING... YET
HERE I SIT WITH WRECKAGE ALL
ABOUT ME!

ADVENTURES OF
POPSICLE PETE



IN
**SHOW
TIME**



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